

NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Eighth Page.

her story, for this writer of tales for grown people has a pretty knack of telling tales that children like, because he likes children and all the old legends that children ought to know. He has a pretty wit, a graceful fancy and a gentle and humorous style, which render his old story of fairies and dreams and goblins better worth the reading than the average modern tale written for little people.

"Betty—The Scribe," by Lillian Turner, is rather an unusual and distinctive book in the list of juveniles. It is a domestic comedy in which a dreamy girl with a great deal of temperament is trying to take her dead mother's place in a household of turbulent children, ranging all the way from her own seventeen-year-old twin brother down to rebellious Nancy of 11, five-year-old Dick, mischievous Pepper of 2, and that terrible personage—the New Baby. The family was desperately poor, the father a dreamer, the one all-round servant incapable, the home comfortless and cheerless. Betty was full of good resolutions and heroic intentions, which she carefully wrote out in long duty lists at night and forgot the next morning in her fondness for writing. A beautiful and dainty older sister with domestic ability and lofty ideals gave up her congenial work as a companion in a luxurious household to bring order out of this chaotic situation. Betty goes out into the world to win undying fame as an author and fails. The two types of girlhood—beautiful, precise Dot and rebellious, imaginative Betty—her trials and successes, are good things for all girls and some grown-ups to study. The family chronicles are recorded with a simplicity and sympathy which places the book above the average (The Sealfield Publishing Company).

"The Queen's Company," of which Sara Hawks Sterling writes in her new book published under that title by Lippincott, is made up of a little group of high school girls who choose for their sovereign ladies certain popular teachers of their classes and adore them after the frantic fashion of little maidens at school. They give to these queen names famous in history—Isabella, Mary Stuart, Queen Anne of Austria and Marie Antoinette. These royal ladies and their devotees make excursions together and go to matinees. The girls give a play for the queens and they meet with various adventures common to school-girl life. The book is made up of chatter and gush on the part of the girls and nice little snatches of information and gossip dealt out judiciously by the teachers. "The Queen's Company" are very girly girls, and the teachers have a latent sense of humor which it seems strange did not help them to handle the silly "crush" with more common sense than they are represented to have done in the story.

"All college girls are alike," Margaret Ward says in her new story for girls called "Betty Wales, Senior" (The Penn Publishing Co.). Certainly all books about college girls are very much alike—made up of class meetings, class plays, violent friendships and fudge socials. "Betty Wales, Senior" is the heroine of a series of books beginning with her experiences as a "Freshie" and following the full college course. She and her circle of friends organized the "Merry Hearts" society, met with divers adventures, made a vacation journey to the Bahamas, and incidentally maneuvered several romances which culminate in the new book in engagement announcements and pretty weddings. They are bright, pleasant girls, and most young people will enjoy reading about them, except the college girl herself, who will find the book trivial, lacking in seriousness of purpose and fidelity to life. The college woman is an important and dignified personage and more inclined to go in for philosophical clubs than for anything as juvenile as a "Merry Hearts" organization.

Lila Allen went to college in the hope of finding an intimate friend at last—no one opens the story of Betty Wales, Senior, by Julia A. Schwartz (The Penn Publishing Co.). That is what most girls do go to college for, it would seem, according to the books written on college life—which may be briefly summarized as consisting of fudge and friendships. It must be remembered that the books on the college are written for girls in the preparatory schools, and the new story for girls called "Betty Wales, Senior" (The Penn Publishing Co.) is written for the girls getting ready to prepare. The result is that they are made up of incidents calculated to appeal to the readers for whom they are arranged. No real college girl has time to bother with such childish fiction, any more than she has time or inclination to play with dolls or Noah's Ark. Beatrice Leigh at college, although she has a little circle of friends, and is considerably wanting in valuable substance, is after all a better story than the average of the large number of books appearing on this subject just now. If Lila is morbid and silly, Beatrice is jolly and sensible and vivacious. The story begins about one girl and ends about another, but if you are an expert in following dim trails and have patience you will find a great deal here and there about Beatrice Leigh and her experiences at college.

Teddy Bear Literature.

The Teddy Bear, which has invaded the nursery and in many cases crowded out the doll in the affections of little people, is now pushing his way to the front in literature. For the "Mother Goose Teddy Bear" adapted by Frederick L. Cavally (Bobbs-Merrill Company) there has only one competitor—welcome accorded to the usurper of a place which he neither deserves nor owns by right, divine of tradition and custom. It must be admitted that the Teddy Bear lends himself obligingly to effective illustration and that the pictures in Mr. Cavally's book are attractive. But to disfigure the good old classic rhymes of Mother Goose for the sake of introducing the Teddy Bear is an act of sheer vandalism and should be punished by the criminal court.

"The Teddy Bear A B C," by Laura Rinkie Johnson, illustrated by Margaret Landers Sanford (H. M. Caldwell Company), is a good little book, with pretty bad little pictures, in which the rhymes calculated to teach the youngsters their letters all have reference to the bear. But since it isn't the fashion for children to learn their letters any more but to read according to the phonetic method, with complete words instead of their letters, the book will do no harm and will probably not be very popular. Teddy-B and Teddy-G, the brown bear and the white bear, are unfortunately well known and need no introduction.

Mr. Seymour E. Bishop, who presented the two bears some two years ago in a syndicate of Sunday newspapers and arranged a book about them last year, which gave an account of their tour from Colorado to New York, has made up a second book this year, entitled "More About Teddy-B and Teddy-G: The Roosevelt Bears." The new volume completes their tour from New York to Washington. The tales are told in rattling single-line pictures are numerous and of great variety. With the usual perversity of childhood and its tendency for the bad things rather than the good ones, children will no doubt accept and find more amusement in

this volume than in those of more artistic and literary value. The book is published by Edward Stern and Company.

A Fairy Tale.

A merry and whimsical fairy tale is told by Curtis Dunham and George F. Kerr about "Bobbie in Bugaboo Land." Bobbie is just a "Mortal Boy," with an unruly red lock that grew up in the middle of his forehead in the shape of a question mark. Bugaboo Land is just next door to Fairyland, and all sorts of curious things happen there. It is governed by a ruler called Quake and has a wicked old wizard, Whiskeroo, a Million Legged Beast driven by a monster Snore and many mischievous gnomes to worry the fairies and steal the cobweb threads of which their beautiful robes are made.

The story is written for "children not younger than 7 nor older than 70," and that lets us in to enjoy it. One thing we notice with regret, and that is that they use a great deal more slang in Fairyland than they did when we were "younger than 7," which is a pity, as the charm of the old fairy tale is the beauty of its diction. But despite this blunder, for how could fairies who lived in the time of King Arthur know the latest slang phrases of Manhattan, the story is bright, entertaining and ingenious. It is published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Ambitious Young Scientists.

A young American scientific man, Mr. Ellsworth Huntington, has spent three years in exploring the deserts of Central Asia and tells of his experiences and observations in a volume with the misleading title "The Pulse of Asia" (Houghton, Mifflin and Company). Mr. Huntington was equipped with abundant knowledge of meteorology and physical geography, with natural admiration for his instructor, Prof. William Morris Davis, the inventor of physiography, who must feel embarrassed at the adulation with which his pupil refers to him, and, we infer, with some preconceived notions of what he wanted to find. The greater part of the book is a plain narrative of travel in a region that has engaged much attention of late years by an observer of unusual intelligence on the scientific side. He noted climatic conditions and his personal observations must stand; those reported about past times by persons he questioned may have some value; the guesses he makes about the climatic periods long past must necessarily be more doubtful. Experts must determine the likelihood of his hypotheses.

In his introduction he proposes to reconstruct the history of the world from the standpoint of changes in climate, and in his concluding chapter he suggests how the course of history in Asia and in Europe may be explained by the observations he made in Central Asia. In his illustrations of his theory he follows the usual course of those unfamiliar with historical studies of selecting from the generalities of history such events as favor his conjectures and leaving contradictory facts alone. There is a historical as well as a meteorological account of the changes in the Central Asian provinces, in Mesopotamia, on the Mediterranean shores and elsewhere, and it would require pretty recent changes of climate to bring the conquest of India, the Persian empire or the spread of the Arabs under Mr. Huntington's physiological formula. It seems to be another case of a new and very limited branch of science trying to swallow all other sciences.

So far as a seismology is a science we fancy it is limited to the registering by all sorts of ingenious instruments of the movements of the earth and to the efforts of the observers to discover the causes and perhaps to predict future movements. There is an astronomical side to it, a physical and chemical, and a geological undoubtedly. We are led to believe from "Earthquakes," by Prof. William Herbert Hobbs of the University of Michigan (Appletons) that the geologists wish to draw seismology wholly into their domain. They must choose to do this some one that can write more clearly than Prof. Hobbs. What he can do in plain description may be judged from a sentence in the account of the Lisbon earthquake: "The day was almost immediately turned into night owing to the thickness of the dust from the shaken city, but quickly took fire, so that to the destruction from the shocks was added the horrors of a conflagration and a pillage by robbers." In his scientific statements the author has a confusing way of making comparisons with unlikely objects and following out his simile. His book contains a great deal of interesting matter, it need not be said, particularly about very recent events. We regret to find out in it that: "From the New England region no earthquake of destructive violence has been recorded, but it is none the less a province of rather high seismicity and one which is likely at any time to be visited by a genuine disaster from this cause. The same statement applies with almost equal weight for the entire Atlantic seaboard from Nova Scotia to Georgia."

Some Fiction.

It is to be regretted that a writer who can describe Ireland so truly and so delightfully as Canon P. A. Sheehan should not have planned better his story "Lisheen" (Longmans, Green and Company). His intention seems to have been to represent the relations between landlord and tenant, and it is the Irish part of his story that the reader will care for. It is difficult to understand how his Irish landlord, a Trinity College, Dublin man, who at the beginning has friendly understanding of the people about him, should also be the helpless dreamer, ignorant of Irish circumstances, who makes a hopeless mess of trying to live the peasant's life. The common people are natural, though some are the comic stage Irish that Irishmen in this country object to, and one young girl is startlingly true. The higher class people with their soul problems are unreal and painfully lacking in sense. A queer story of a maid and a young man, and a story of an Anglo-Indian is sandwiched in. It shows skill in construction, but has absolutely nothing to do with the main story.

We wish we could believe with Miss Ella Middleton Tybout, who writes "The Smuggler" (J. B. Lippincott Company), that the boundary of the United States and New Brunswick looks out on the Atlantic Ocean and that the tide at the head of the Bay of Fundy are negligible. She starts in a light comedy vein, which she keeps up through a pretty tragic situation. The callousness of the summer visitor is perhaps true to nature, but it gives an unpleasant touch to an otherwise harmless story of seaside flirtation.

Was it Mr. Chambers's "Iole" or the sight of the "sexieties" in burlesque that inspired Miss Edith Huntington Magoon's "The Real Agatha" (A. C. McClurg and Company, Chicago)? The story begins well, but the task of making one young man keep up a simultaneous flirtation with seven young women is too much for the author. Her young women get hopelessly tangled up, her selfish old bachelor confuses matters still more, and short as the story is the reader soon becomes too weary to care how it turns out.

A short Christmas story by Mr. Robert F. Knowles, "The Dawn at Shanty Bay" (Fleming H. Revell Company), starts prom-

isingly. It deals with the Scotch Canadians and is deeply religious in tone, but that does not spoil it till the author begins to ring the changes morbidly on a consumptive child. The effort to work on the reader's feelings is too palpable, and the end, however satisfactory from the religious standpoint, is inartistic.

Other Books.

A beautiful memorial of the late Augustus Saint-Gaudens is issued by Houghton Mifflin and Company. The text is a eulogy of the man and of his artistic work by Mr. Royal Cortissoz and suffers somewhat from the excess of praise which is only natural in writing of a friend so recently lost. It is illustrated with competent photographs showing the best of the sculptor's work; a few of these it would have been more judicious to have left out so long as there was no attempt at completeness. The typography and mechanical execution of the volume is above praise. It is thoroughly artistic in every way and worthy of a man whose influence on contemporary American art was marked. The book will be welcomed by all admirers of Saint-Gaudens and will serve until time admits of the proper perspective for a correct judgment of his art and his influence.

The papers that Capt. A. T. Mahan has published for some years past in justification of war are collected in a volume called "Some Neglected Aspects of War" (Little, Brown and Company) and are written by articles by President H. S. Pritchett of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and Mr. Julian S. Corbett. Those of immediate interest are the papers relating to the capture of private property at sea. How purely academic these questions are was demonstrated by the recent conference at The Hague, the outcome of which seems to have been to knock out whatever was apparently accepted in the so-called international law. Capt. Mahan's advocacy of forcible measures by Powers strong enough to enforce them seems superfluous now.

Our common foe the mosquito has attained the dignity of a literature of its own; it is held up as the sole propagator of malaria, yellow fever and other ills. "Grown-up sin" rock their brains for bed-time stories will find these books a treasure. "The Mosquito," by Evelyn Grosbeck Mitchell (G. P. Putnam's Sons), its history is told in full in a volume of nearly 300 pages. The book is an academic dissertation, but the author was so situated that she was able to take down the observations of the late Surgeon General of Louisiana, Dr. J. W. Dwyer, and to incorporate them in her work. This adds greatly to its importance. Pretty nearly everything that is known about the mosquito will be found here, illustrated with careful drawings by the author. It is the female mosquito that does all the harm and the biting; before slapping at them therefore it would be only fair to ascertain the sex of the insect.

The album of pictures added to Newnes's Art Library in the "Sir Henry Raeburn" (George Newnes; Frederick Warne and Company) comprises naturally only portraits. Among these are some remarkably beautiful Scotch women and several handsome Scotchmen. The attractiveness of the faces alone might account for the revived interest in the artist's paintings. All Scotland is embodied in his portrait of The Macnab.

Anthologies of French poetry are not so common but that "The Oxford Book of French Verse" (Oxford University Press) will be welcome, though the editor, Mr. St. John Lucas, seems strangely deficient in poetic taste. His interest, as the introduction shows, is in literary history, and his selection is based on the fame of the authors and not on the merits of the poetry. In a book of this character these must be necessarily short; there is plenty of admirable lyric verse by authors of the second rank that might have been included, instead of insignificant minor pieces by Corneille, Molière, Racine and Voltaire, for instance. For the names he includes, however, his selection is liberal, and thus some beautiful poems get in; he also has a high opinion of the early poets, which is fortunate, though it leads him to print a poem of Villon's which it is astonishing to find expurgated in an anthology. His latest poems are De Banville and Paul Verlaine. It is a curious selection, but contains much verse that is not too familiar.

A ranking but entertaining book has been written by Mr. Randall Davies in "English Society of the Eighteenth Century in Contemporary Art" (Seeley and Company; E. P. Dutton and Company). It may be described as an account of the engravers and painters of the century, with sudden and unexpected digressions into memoirs, plays and other testimony about social usage. The author's main interest seems to be in the pictures, and those that are reproduced to illustrate his text are very good.

An amusing newspaper skit of the Munich order will be found in "Flying Cows of Bloxi," by Benson Bidwell (The Henneberry Press, Chicago). The manner in which the reader is led on gradually and unsuspectingly into the narrator's toils is artistic. The illustrations are clever.

In the album of pictures called "The Astonishing Tale of a Pen and Ink Puppet" (Charles Scribner's Sons) we find Mr. Oliver Herford combining an imitation of the Gollywogs with one of Mr. C. D. Gibson. The text, we imagine, is his own.

Books Received.

"Mysterious Psychic Forces," Camille Flammarion. (Sewall, Maynard and Company, Boston.)
"Napoleon. Vols. III and IV." Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)
"The Story of Ministry." Edmondoune Duncan. (The Walter Scott Publishing Company; Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"The Road." Jack London. (Macmillan.)
"The Andes and the Amazon." Reginald Enock. (Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.)
"The Day of His Coming." Herbert H. Gower. (Thomas Whitaker.)
"Will the Home Survive?" Chauncey J. Hawkins. (Thomas Whitaker.)
"Nihilism." Lee Washington. (Paul Elder and Company, San Francisco.)
"A Critical Examination of Socialism." W. H. Mallock. (Harpers.)
"Scars on the Southern Sea." George Bronson Howard. (H. W. Dodge and Company, New York.)
"Adventures in Contentment." David Grayson. (Doubleday, Page and Company.)
"Johann Schmidt." Francis Du Bouque. (Benjamin B. Tucker, New York.)
"Friendly Talks to Widows." Henrietta Irving Bolton. (Thomas Whitaker.)
"Shipwrecked." Walter T. Dunmore. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company.)
"The Romance of an Old Time Shipmaster."

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Published by LITTLE, BROWN & CO., Boston At All Bookellers

Ralph D. Paine, (The Ouing Publishing Company, New York.)

"Prairie Farming." W. F. Massey. (The Ouing Publishing Company.)

"Spanish Correspondence." E. S. Harrison. (Henry Holt and Company.)

"The Good Neighbor in the Modern City." Mary E. Richmond. (G. B. Lippincott Company.)

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JOHN MITCHELL MUCH BETTER.

Expects to Leave the Hospital at La Salle, Ill., Today.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 6.—The *Mine Workers' Journal* to-day contained the following letter, dated St. Mary's Hospital, La Salle, Ill.:

"To the officers and members of the U. M. W. of A.—Greeting: I am pleased to advise you that I am so far recovered that I expect to leave the hospital by the close of this week; therefore correspondents should be addressed to me at Indianapolis, whence it will be forwarded to me wherever I may be. JOHN MITCHELL."

Actor Gets a \$5,000 Verdict for Injuries.

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y., Dec. 6.—Charles S. Abbe, an actor who sued the New York Central Railroad Company for \$50,000 damages for injuries he received when a New York Central train sidwiped a New Haven train at 105th street, Manhattan, on December 10, 1905, received a verdict today in the Supreme Court at White Plains for \$5,000. Mr. Abbe said that he was injured about the head and spine and that he has not been able to perform on the stage since.

The company asserts that the injuries of the plaintiff were slight.

Port to Be Invited to Dinner.

The New Idea forces in Hudson county will give a dollar dinner in Grand View Hall in Jersey City on Monday, January 13, under the auspices of the central Republican committee. The tickets will be limited to 1,000. Governor-elect J. Franklin Fort will be invited to speak.

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